A *Lyre* Situation

Get it...? Lyre? Dire?

TF Shorts #1 // Written by YuuWorks

Venti TF/ MC (Unaware)/ Second Person POV

Word Count: 1992

Birds were chirping, the sound of the wind was pleasant. Today was a pretty good day to come out of your room and actually go do something else other than tinker with some books and instruments.

You breathed in the fresh air of Mondstadt, embracing the wind's gentle scent as you made your way to the Knights of Favonious building, hoping to return some books and replace them with ones you haven't read yet. That new novel about a puppet becoming an all-powerful god sounded cool, and of course you wouldn't dare miss this month's import section! Maybe you will finally find a copy of *A Legend of Sword* in there... You let out a small giggle as you went on your way.

Honestly, after the recent Windblume Festival, you were pretty much free to do anything you wanted because it was a holiday, and the shop you do deliveries for was still closed until the end of the week. You were going to take this rare opportunity to read more than usual, maybe that'll even help with you often returning books late; Lisa would definitely appreciate that.

Stepping into the Knights' building you noticed that there was quite a crowd, it seemed like something was happening, but you weren't going to waste your time checking it out. You make your way to the library and after returning your already read books to Lisa, you immediately look around and smile excitedly. You started to look through the bookshelves one by one, going through the books to find one that catches your interest.

After a few minutes of scrolling and scanning through books, you landed on one specific book that seemed very interesting, it was called *Winds of No Control*, and the short introduction in the front page stated that it was about a teen whose life was ruined after a tornado he had accidentally made wrecked his home, and was on an adventure to find a way to control his own powers. Admittedly, you thought it sounded a bit silly, but it was the kind of fic that you would be really into. Plus, the book itself was pretty thick, indicating that this was a pretty long work of fiction.

You happily grab the book and walk over to a table nearby, adjusting your glasses as you sit down on the chair and set the book on the table. You were getting ready to start reading the book as you heard a weird noise come from your right, a quick glance revealed that there was no one there, it just seemed to be a book that fell down…

Then you heard footsteps behind you.

You quickly went to turn around, but you suddenly felt a dull pain on your head as you heard a loud ***THUNK!*** *You grunt slightly before your vision blurred and you passed out, the last thing you see being a few words in the book.

"And so, the young lad had fallen… but as always, he would rise once more."

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You slowly open your eyes and rub your head. It took a few seconds for your vision to come back, but once you saw clearly again… what you saw next is something you truly couldn't expect.

You saw a fancy wooden lyre sitting on top of a pillar, with a small label on it. As you stand up and make your way to the centre of the room; where the lyre was… You saw each small detail on the frame, patterns of flowers and the flowing breeze.

But what caught your attention more was the name written on the pillar label.

Holy Lyre der Himmel

(Holy Lyre der Himmel)

This… this was no ordinary lyre, this was *the* Holy Lyre! But… you remembered that it was supposed to be kept safe below the Mondstadt Church. So how were you here all of a sudden?

You shook your head and disregarded any thoughts of even just touching it, you did not want to get caught red-handed. Making your way to the nearby doorway to the outside, you noticed with a quick glance to a clock nearby that it was already 11:40pm. You came to the library around 6pm… so You were knocked out for more than 5 hours?!

Then, a flash of white light shined in your eye, followed by a guard in the distance saying out loud **"Hey, is someone there?!"**

You wanted to reply but the light had hit you in just a way that you were blinded for a bit as you stumbled, struggling to keep your balance. It was going well until you realised that you had hit something hard behind you. The pillar! You desperately tried to sway your arms to keep your balance, but it was no use. You tripped and, on your way down, accidentally played a somewhat pleasant chord on the lyre.

Suddenly, you felt weightless for a few seconds. As your vision goes back to normal you realised that you were… somehow not in the room with the lyre anymore. You were now on a grassy field that was seemingly on top of a cliff. You saw a few flowers around… *Cecilias?* Were you somehow on top of Starsnatch Cliff?

That... That couldn't be possible, you can't just teleport from a room into the outside... But as you were slowly lowered onto the ground, you realised that it was all real, and you were outside now.

Before you could process any of this, the chord you had accidentally played on the lyre suddenly echoed in your mind. It was so loud that you could barely hear your own thoughts. You lay still on the smooth grass as you covered your ears with both of your hands, desperate to get this loud sound out of your head. It took a while, but eventually after you get hit with the calming breeze, it slowly disappeared, and you could hear yourself again.

Except, something felt off.

You looked around the fields and notice how much bigger it had seemed, the ground even looked slightly closer to you... Did the world grow? Or... Did you *shrink?*
That's impossible! People don't just shrink without any reason… but you *did* just teleport quite a distance, so maybe those two are related?

You felt a shiver down your spine as you saw something swirling around you, it was blue-green and was seemingly getting faster by the second. Anemo energy? But why was it swirling around you?

Your train of thoughts were cut off by you noticing that the skin on your hands seemed to have gotten paler; Your hand even looks slimmer, like it was a model's hands. You also saw the paleness of your skin slowly crawl up into your arms, reaching your elbows and then to your shoulders. Everywhere the paleness touched, it seemed to burn away most of the fat and made you look lean.

When it reached your shoulders, you saw your shirt's sleeves suddenly burst out into tons of threads, all of which made their way down to your wrist and ruffled itself out. It then recoloured itself into a bright white as three buttons appeared near the edge of the sleeve. A quick touch would make it obvious that this was some silk-like material, though it felt very comfortable on your skin.

You wanted to try running down the cliff in hopes to find help from a nearby knight roaming around… but you felt something deep inside that thought otherwise.

You looked down on your chest, seeing how leaner you were, which was made more prevalent by the fact your shirt, which was basically a top now has fully been coloured white, with frills in the centre. The top was loose on

you until you felt a sudden tightness around your stomach. The blouse was seemingly getting thicker and browner around that part before you felt a slight pop, separating the blouse from the brown leather corset that was now there. You touched the corset as you saw a golden frame & golden buttons appear on it.

You had to admit, your outfit was looking kind of cute.

And as if the changes were listening to your thoughts, you suddenly felt your pants feel tighter below the knees as it started to split apart into shorts and stockings. The white stockings crawled up and went below your shorts, stopping on top of your thighs. The rest of your pants now look more like green shorts, and it stopped shrinking just halfway down your thigh; you even noticed that you were now wearing a belt just above your hips, and it even had what looked like a fancy winged vision hanging on its left side, with a couple of white and blue feathers hanging on it.

You stared at the vision absentmindedly, a *fuzzy* feeling growing in your mind as you noticed how much ***better*** and ***cuter*** you looked. You chuckled as you noticed that your hair now had mini twin braids hanging down the side of your head, and the rest of your hair was fluffed behind your head; There were even teal highlights on the tips of the braids.

It felt right.

You raised your hand up to cover your mouth as you let out a loud sneeze, taking your pair of glasses off and adjusting your new beret to sit comfortably on top of your head, along with fixing the cape that was now wrapped around your shoulders and forearms. You slowly stood up to let the wind wave your cape around, such a wonderful breeze this was.

You suddenly saw the Anemo energy spin around rapidly, before it stops abruptly and dashes straight towards your eyes. You tried to close it, but your mind told you not to and just accept what was going to happen.

When the anemo energy hit your eyes, you felt dizzy and your mind was swirled around, none of your thoughts made sense. Unbeknownst to you, your eyes now glow the same colour as Anemo as you hear a voice in your head.

You are Venti. You are a Bard. It hits your mind like a tornado, you felt obliged to think that what it was saying was true, even if you were *mostly* sure that it wasn't.

You are Venti. You like to drink wine. The second time you hear that name, it felt more familiar... like it truly was your name. You were too busy thinking about the name that you didn't even notice that you were suddenly into wine, even thinking about getting another bottle from Dawn Winery.

You are the Anemo Archon. You watch over Mondstadt. You simply nodded as you heard those statements, it was true after all. You *are* the Anemo Archon, it's always been that way, yet... something in the back of your head was telling you otherwise.

You are Venti. You hear it again for the third time, and you practically agreed with it as the voice that was denying any of this was getting quieter and quieter

You are Venti. It repeated itself one more time, as you no longer heard that voice in denial. You *were* Venti, the wine-loving bard.

You could definitely write a poem about this weird train of thoughts that you've been having. Someone that finds their true self thanks to the gentle touch of the wind? That would definitely be a hit!

Just then, you heard the voice in your head again...

No, not the 'you' in the story. I'm talking about **YOU.**

Yes, **you**. The reader.

That's right, hear the wind's gentle hums flow into your mind, as you can feel the changes flow into your very own body.

It'll only be a matter of time before you're a free-spirited bard too.